Like ſtinging Bees in hotteſt ſummers day,
Led by their Maſter to the flowred fields,
And be aduengde on curſed *Tamora*:
And as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.
Lucius. I humblie thanke him and I thanke you all,
But who comes here led by a luſtie *Gothe*?

Enter a Goth leading of Aron with his child in his Armes.

Goth. Renowmed *Lucius* from our troupes I ſtraid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monaſterie,
And as I earneſtly did fixe mine eye,
Vpon the waſted building ſuddainely,
I heard a child crie vnderneath a wall,
I made vnto the noiſe, when ſoone I heard,
The crying babe controld with this diſcourſe:
Peace tawnie ſlaue, halfe me, and halfe thy Dame,
Did not thy hue bewray whoſe brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mothers looke,
Villaine thou mightſt haue bin an Emperour,
But where the bull and Cow are both milke white,
They neuer doe beget a coleblacke Calfe:
Peace Villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I muſt beare thee to a truſtie *Goth*,
VVho when he knowes thou art the Empreſſe babe,
VVill hold thee dearely for thy mothers ſake.
VVith this my weapon drawen I ruſht vpon him
Surpriſde him ſuddainely, and brought him hither
To vſe as you thinke needefull of the man.
Lucius. Oh worthie *Goth* this is the incarnate diuell,
That robd *Andronicus* of his good hand,
This is the Pearle that pleaſd your Empreſſe eye,
And her's the baſe fruit of her burning luſt,
Say wall-eyd ſlaue whither wouldſt thou conuay,

This

This growing image of t
VVhy dooſt not ſpeake
A halter Souldiers, hang
And by his ſide his fruite
Aron. Touch not the
Luc. Too like the ſier
Firſt hang the child that
A ſight to vex the fathers
Aron. Get me a ladder
And beare it from me to
If thou do this, ile ſhew t
That highly may aduant
If thou wilt not, befall wh
Ile ſpeake no more, but v
Lucius. Say on, and if it
Thy child ſhall liue, and
Aron. And if it pleaſe
twill vexe thy ſoule to he
For I muſt talke of murth
Acts of black night, abho
Complots of miſchiefe, tr
Ruthfull to heare, yet pitt
And this ſhall all be buri
Vnleſſe thou ſweare to m
Lucius. Tell on thy min
Aron. Sweare that he
Luci. VVho ſhould I ſw
that graunted, how canſt
Aron. VVhat if I doe n
Yet for I know thou art re
And haſt a thing within t
VVith twenty popiſh tric
VVhich I haue ſeene the
Therefore I vrge thy oath
An ideot holds his bauble